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TRIALS OF A
COUNTRY EDITOR.

(ORIGINAL SKETCH.)

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THE

TRIALS OF A COUNTRY EDITOR,

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH,

BY

Thos. F. Anderson,

(*Of Boston "Traveller."*)

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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——x——

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

X. CHANGE, (*editor of the "Boomer"*) Thos. F. Anderson
A. HUSTLER, (*reporter on "Boomer"*) Wm. J. Elton
MR. MAKEUP, (*foreman of "Boomer"*) Wm. T. Ball
CLENE GONNE, (*a spring poet*)..... Wm. W. Crawford
ABIGAIL BLIZZARD, (*a woman suffragist*)..... Annie L. Moss
MRS. SWEETHOME, (*an anti-woman suffragist*)..... Bertha F. Wilder
I. TINERANT, (*a peddler*)..... George Lapham
G. O. SLOW, (*office boy*)..... Herbert Riley
JIMBLAYNE, (*office cat*).....

——x——

Time—About 1 hour.

——x——

Costumes—Modern.

——x——

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

*** The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

The Trials of a Country Editor.

——x——

SCENE.—Editor's sanctum—table with pens, papers, file, paste pot, large pair shears, etc.—waste basket, chairs, decorations on wall—office cat chained to leg of chair—basket of subscription potatoes, etc.

Enter, EDITOR, *ragged coat, skull cap, pen behind ear, ink spot on nose, tired air—goes to table and lays down pile of papers—sits down, legs on another chair and begins to write—rings for boy.*

Enter, BOY, *slowly,* R.

Editor. Mail come yet?

Boy. Yes s'r!

Ed. Why didn't you bring it in then?

Boy. 'Cause I didn't know you wanted it. (*exit* R.

Ed. (*reads his article*) "We are quite sure that no one will accuse us of egotism when we say that of all the towns in this state, Beanville takes a long lead in enterprise, patriotism and the good looks of its inhabitants. Travel up and——

Enter, BOY, R., *with letters.*

Boy. Here y'are! (*tossing letters on table and spilling on floor*) Load of cord wood to pay farmer Haymow's back subscription, at the door.

Ed. (*brightening*) Oh, is it? Tell him to take it round to the wood shed. (*exit,* BOY, R., *growling*) I don't know what I'm going to do with that boy! He's getting so lazy that he wouldn't run for the doctor if he accidentally swallowed arsenic. I'm glad that wood's come, though! I *would* that farmer Haymow sent it around so promptly

every time. Ha, ha! guess I'll have to put that in the funny column! Well, here goes to say that "We received a pleasant call from farmer Haymow this week. He is looking remarkably well, just as his crops always do." (*writing*) Well, I wonder what we have in the mail this morning? (*opens letter and reads*

Office of the Grand Consolidated Air Line Transportation and R'y Company.

MAR. 4, 188—

Mr. Exchange, Esq., Ed. *Beanville Boomer*.

DEAR SIR:—Your request of the 2nd inst. is at hand. We are very sorry to say that under the provisions of the new Inter-State Commerce law, we shall be unable to furnish you a pass to Wayback and return. Trusting you will be able to publish the enclosed interesting item about our enterprising road, and regretting exceedingly that we are unable to grant the desired favor, we remain,

Yours very truly, C. O. W. CATCHER,
For the G. C. A. L. T. R. R. Co

Ed. Well, I think they might have sent it on account of charity! Confound the Inter-State Commerce law, anyhow! (*opens letter No. 2*

CARROT CORNERS, MAR. 2, 188—

MISTER EDITOR:—Will you kindly oblige a constan' reader of your vallyable paper, by stating how long the Democratic party will be in power, and oblige your OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Ed. Well, *what* a question! Now that man will probably be as mad as a hatter if I tell him that the Democratic party will probably be in power until the Republicans get into power again. (*opens No. 3*

NEW YORK, Mar. 2, 188—

Mr. Exchange, Pub. *Beanville Boomer*.

DEAR SIR:—We have to inform you that just before the receipt of your last order, the price of paste advanced five cents per gallon. This was evidently caused by so many people pasting "new year's resolutions" in their hats, and thus "bearing" the market. We await word from you. Yours truly,

FLOWER & BRUSH.

Enter, BOY, R.

Ed. Say, young fellow——
Boy. Well, *say* it!
Ed. Are we all out of paste?
Boy. Yep!

Ed. That can't be! What's become of that half gallon that was in the barrel last Saturday—the barrel I told you to keep covered up?

Boy. Cockroaches got in and eat it up!

Ed. Poh! you're a healthy office boy!

(*opens letter and reads*

CHELSEA, BY THE HARBOR, MAR. 7, 188—

To The Editor of the *Beanville Boomer*.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am a constant reader of your valuable paper, and I never miss a line of it, even the advertisements. I do think your leap year poetry is *so* nice! What I want to trouble you about is this: Can you send me by express, C. O. D., a couple of hundred back numbers that you have no use for? They must be nice and crinkly. I want to use them for bustles. We should be so delighted to see you next time you come up this way.

Yours Respectfully,

EFFIE BROWNING LOWELL.

P. S. Do you think my writing is as good as the average?

Ed. Yes, Effie dear, it is very sweet. (*to boy*) Boy, send off two hundred back numbers to this address, by express. (*opens letter and reads*

BEANVILLE, MAR. 5, 188—

MR. EXCHANGE, Esq.

SIR:—Again, and for the last time, I call your attention to my bill against you that yet remains unpaid. It runs back to 1879, and I think it high time it was paid. If it is not paid within thirty days, I have been advised by my lawyer to attach your press. The amount is $85. Yours, N. EEDLE.

Ed. Humph! tailor's bill! chestnut!

(*opens No. 6 and reads*

Office of Swindle & Swearem.

BEANVILLE, MAR. 4, 188—

Mr. Exchange Ed. *Beanville Boomer*.

SIR:—It is our painful duty as attorneys of Hon. J. L. Bird, to inform you that our respected client has entered civil suit against you, as editor and publisher of the *Boomer*, for certain malicious and false statements concerning him, printed in your issue of the 22nd ult. For the damage you have done his character Mr. Bird demands that you either make a public retraction of your statements or offer evidence to a jury of your peers why you should not pay the libellant $15,000. The statements upon which this claim is based are as follows: namely, to wit.

"We understand that the Hon. J. L. Bird is making stenuous efforts to get himself elected to the Common Council. It strikes us that the Beanville Common Council needs men with a little larger

amount of brains and honesty than the Hon. J. L. Bird is supplied with."

Under the law you will have ten days to file your answer to this suit. Yours, SWINDLE & SWEAREM,
Attorneys at Law.

Ed. Whew! That's a pretty how dye do! But I'll fix it all right. (*writes—to boy*) Here, "Lightening," have this set up and printed on the first page.

(*exit boy,* R.—*reads letter No. 7*

"For having printed certain statements in our issue of the 22nd ult., regarding Hon. J. L. Bird that were obnoxious to that gentleman we have been requested by him to either publish a retraction of the same, or stand a libel suit for $15,000 damages. As we have only $14,500 in the treasury at present we choose the former alternative, and hereby very cheerfully state that we were entirely wrong in the first instance, and that we *do not* think the Common Council requires men of more honesty and intelligence than Mr. Bird."

Ed. There, I guess that will do!

(*fools with cat and then rings for boy*

Enter, BOY, R., *looks inquiringly.*

Ed. Has Mr. Hustler got here yet?
Boy. Um!
Ed. Where is he?
Boy. Composin' room.
Ed. Well, tell him I want him at once. Hurry!

Boy scowls and moves off slowly—exit, R. EDITOR *plays with cat.*

Enter, MR. HUSTLER, R., *dressed like a country dude, cane, big note book, etc., etc.*

Hustler. Hello, old man! what's on to day? Anything sensational?

Ed. (*abstractedly*) No, not exactly! pretty busy day though, and we go to press early to-morrow. Let's see, have you finished that editorial on "Why Blaine withdrew?"

Hus. Yes, I've fixed it so it will please both the Republican and Democratic readers and not give any offence to the Prohibitionists. Now let's see what's on the slate to-day. (*takes paper from* EDITOR) Whew! not much

time to see my best girl to-day! (*reads letter*

"Meeting of Farmer's Club at Cabbage Stump Hall at 9:30. Get good report of Deacon Sparrowgrass's address, 10:45. Horse race at the County Fair Grounds—half column report; 11 o'clock funeral of Mrs. Fussanfeathers at the Orthodox church—pay high tribute to deceased. 11:30, meeting of the county Democratic Convention in Emerald Hall, give good report of the nominating speeches and biography of all those nominated. 12 o'clock—meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Rheumatism; fair report."

Hus. Jerusalem! *That's* a pretty good grist!

Ed. Yes, but that's only your morning assignments. After you write those up and get lunch, (*sickly smile from* HUSTLER) I want you to go round to the Pork-Packer wedding at one o'clock, get a good list of the guests, costume of the bride, and, by the way, Mr. Hustler, don't say that she wore a wreath of orange blossoms cut en-train, as you did the last time. Of course I need not remind you, Mr. Hustler, that the best way to build up our circulation is to print the names of as many people in our paper as possible. That fetches 'em every time. After you get through there, you can take a run across the river and write a column of what has been going on there this week. There's a great bargain opening at Grosgrain's this afternoon. I wish you'd give him a notice of that. And then this evening—let me see! The Boston Barnstormers present the "Pirate King" at the Lyceum, and the Literary Union gives a big entertainment at the Methodist Church, both of which will have to be noticed. Here are the tickets! (*hands tickets to* HUSTLER) Of course you will keep a good lookout for anything unusual, like a fire or run away, that may occur. I think that's all; if there is anything I've forgotten, I'll get word to you.

Hus. (*in sarcastic tone*) Thanks, awfully! (*turning to go and coming back to* EDITOR, *saying in confidential stage whisper*) By the way, old man, my tailor is pressing me very hard this week. Can't you let me have something on account of back salary?

Ed. (*looking very doubtful and finally putting his hand in pocket*) Well, here's a quarter! Best I can do now. You can pay him that on account.

(*exit,* HUSTLER, L. *in disgust*

Ed. Well! well! I must get to work on my agricultural column. Let's see! was it "how to plant turnips?" or "what cows should be fed on?" that I was writing about

last. It doesn't make much difference. I don't know much about either! (*writes—reads*) "Cows should never be allowed near a pump——"

Enter, SPRING POET, L., *lank, long hair, nervous, Oscar Wilde manner, big roll of paper.*

Poet. Is this—er—the editor, sir?

Ed. It *is*. (*aside*) I wonder where *he* blew in from?

Poet. Well—er—which one, may I enquire?

Ed. Oh, I'm the political editor, the financial editor, the circulation editor, the military editor, the telegraph editor, the literary editor, the marine editor, the snake-story editor, the managing editor, the editor in chief, the——

Poet. Oh, I'm *so* pleased to find you in! I have been so bold as to bring you a slight effusion which my muse (EDITOR *looks at cat*) has led me to indite. Would it be requiring too much condescension on your part to kindly oblige me by perusing my little effort? My friends all speak *very* highly of it, and some of them even think it ranks with some of Longfellow's, but that is *too* much to expect. My piece is entitled "An Idyll of Spring," and I have written forty-eight stanzas. (*unrolls*

Ed. (*aside*) Heavens! Look at the paper factory!

(POET *reads one verse*

AN IDYLL OF SPRING.

(*By Clene Gonne, A. M.*)

The sweet springtime is near at hand,
The dasies soon will bloom,
The sound resoundeth thro' the land,
Of the whitewash brush and broom.

The gladsome——

Ed. My dear sir, I should judge that your poem was as great a master piece as "Curfew must not ring tonight," but we are very much pressed for room this week, and haven't got time to get out a supplement.

Poet. Oh, I wouldn't expect you to do *that!* You may keep it and put it in your next number. I shall not charge you anything for it, but of course I shall expect to have my name used and about two hundred copies of the paper. I wish you good morning, sir!

(*exit*, L., *slipping as he goes out*

Ed. (*puts poem in waste basket, saying*) Next week!

Enter, FOREMAN, R., *paper cap, apron, shirt-sleeves rolled up, ink on face, etc., with proof of paper.*

Ed. Say, Mr. Make-up, have you set up that story about the sea-serpent being seen at Marblehead yet?

Foreman. No, haven't given it out yet.

Ed. Well, I wish you'd just add a line and say (*exhibiting poem*) that the sea-serpent has been found and is now on exhibition at the *Boomer* office.

Foreman. Ha, ha! I should say so! By the way, I'm in a bad fix!

Ed. How's that?

Foreman. Well, that villianous office boy has "pied" a whole galley full of "live" matter, including your editorial on "Bismark and the Eastern question;" and the worst of it is, we can't set it up again, for there wasn't any proof of it taken, and one of the printers took your manuscript to light his pipe with after he had done with it.

Ed. (*furiously*) Discharge that boy, and don't let that printer ever take another smoke inside this building or he'll go too! Did you ever!

Foreman. (*cynically*) You can't discharge anybody when you owe them three weeks wages.

Ed. (*subsiding*) Well, what *else* is wrong?

Foreman. Nothing, only I've got ten different advertisements that have all got to go at the top of a column, and I've only got seven columns to put them in.

Ed. Well, get them all in at the head somehow.

Foreman. But I——(*great crash heard*) Cæsar's ghost! there's that press broke down again, and only half the outside pages are printed!

(*hurries off, leaving imprint of outside on table*

Ed. (*running fingers through hair and picking up and reading paper*) Pencils and paste! What's this! "Mr. Peter Vandergift has given another large subscription to the Unitarian Church. He is the greatest *fiend* that church has ever had." And, oh, my! this! "Our departed townsman was no less great a Philadelphian than he was an Atheist." Cats and dogs! I wrote it—"Our departed townsman was no less great a philanthropist than he was an artist." Oh, that I could have roast compositor for dinner!

Enter, PEDLER, L.

Pedler. Any matches, suspenders, collar but——

Ed. (*roaring*) No—o—o!!

(*exit*, PEDLER, L., *in a hurry*

Enter, BOY, *shuffling in*, R.—*yawning sleepily.*

Boy. Say!

Ed. (*testily*) Well, what do *you* want?

Boy. Foreman says the printers threat'n to go on a strike if you don't write plainer. Don't get paid to make out mule tracks. Worse'n Horace Greely, you are!

Ed. (*mad*) See here, young fellow, if you don't get out of here in double quick time, you'll be carried out! Git! (*throws book at him—exit, boy*, R.

Re-enter, BOY, R., *pokes his head around door.*

Boy. Say, can I have that money you owe me?

Ed. (*wiping off perspiration and tearing up paper*) Hang the newspaper business anyway! I'd rather be a warden in a lunatic asylum. Look at the things a man has got to take in payment for Concord philosophy and brainwork that would make a mental wreck of a Harvard professor. (*pointing to potatoes*

Enter, MRS. BLIZZARD, L., *woman's right air and attire—sharply.*

Mrs. Blizzard. You the editor?

Ed. Yes, madame.

Mrs. B. How *dare* you write that piece in your last paper about women not being fit to be entrusted with the right to vote. I would like to know if you have got a wife, sir?

Ed. I have that great happiness.

Mrs. B. Well, you ought to be all the more ashamed of yourself, sir! It has come to a pretty pass, indeed, when a piece of human clay like you—a low, mean, brainless idiot, is left at large to write all sorts of libels against women—against women, sir! If I had the power you wouldn't stay in this town to insult my sex another day, so you wouldn't!

Ed. But, my dear madam, I didn't write that——

Mrs. B. Don't dear madam me, sir! and I don't believe your denial! You *did* write it and I can prove it. My name is Abigail Blizzard, sir, and you can stop my paper at once. Don't let it come near my house again,

you wretch, *you!* The Beanville Woman Suffrage League will take your case in hand at an early day, sir, at a *very* early day! (*exit in a huff*, L.

Ed. Well, I'll be keel-hauled if that *wasn't* a blizzard! I must tell Hustler to be more careful the next time he writes on such a delicate subject.

Enter, MRS. SWEETBONE, L., *good looking and pleasant.*

Ed. Good morning, madam!

Mrs. Sweetbone. Good morning to you, Mr. Change. I hope you are well?

Ed. Oh—yes! Won't you be seated?

Mrs. S. No, I can't stop more than a minute. I only dropped in to tell you how pleased I was with your woman suffrage article last week. It just met my views and most of my friends were delighted with it. I do think that if women would give more attention to the comfort of their husbands and children, and a little less to voting, it would be much better for all concerned. You can send me an extra copy around to the house every week, and here's the money for it. (*hands him money*) I hope you will keep right on in that line, and I think you deserve great credit. (*turning to go*) Oh, what a nice cat! I suppose that is the office cat you write about in your paper sometimes?

Ed. Yes; without that cat life in the *Boomer* office would be a dreary blank. Do you know that cat is as good as a proof-reader? Jimblaine, as we call him, can do most everything but set type. Put a paper before him, and he will detect an error as soon as he sees it, and just as sure as he sees a stale joke printed, he will howl fit to bring tears to the eyes of a grave robber. Every article on cats or mice has to be read to him before it is printed, and he will never let a story go in that says a rat got away from a cat, or which mentions the subject of bootjacks in connection with cats. We keep him chained up for fear that his inordinate curiosity will get him caught in the press, as he did on one occasion. When that *cat*astrophe occurred we had to say in the *Boomer*:—"We stop the press to inform our readers that our faithful old office cat has fallen into it. The present indications are that two paws and a part of the tail will be saved. Further particulars in later edition."

Mrs. S. Why, what a wonderful cat! you surprise me! Good morning! (*exit*, L.

Ed. Well, I declare, if this isn't a queer world! First we have a Dakota blizzard, and next a gentle spring zephyr. Singular climate, this! I've had enough of it, however, and journalism and I must part company, so far as this town is concerned, at any rate. Human nature can't stand everything and especially blizzards and tailor's bills. (*rings bell*) Farewell, a long farewell, to thee, oh Beanville *Boomer*, will I soon pronounce! (*writing*) Nevermore will I puff grocery stores for bags of onions; never more will I weekly bend my neck to the caustic edict of the aristocratic railroad manager, and never more, indeed, will I tempt my fate by placing myself at the mercy of the intelligent country compositor.

Enter, FOREMAN, REPORTER *and* BOY, R.

—Listen to this, ye unsympathetic blacksmiths, and go hence and meditate upon it. (*reads*) For sale—The Beanville *Boomer* is hereby offered for sale at reasonable rates, subscription list, plant, mortgages, office boy and cat will be thrown in, and a splendid chance for an enterprising man to acquire a paper of large circulation and great influence is afforded. The reason for selling is that the present proprietor has made enough and desires to go to Europe for his health." (*to foreman*) Here, put this in your paper.

EDITOR *picks up cat and vanishes—followed by the others.*

CURTAIN.

FUN! FUN!! FUN!!!

THE FUNNIEST COMEDY YET—JUST PUBLISHED, ENTITLED

CAPTURED;

—OR,—

The Old Maid's Triumph.

Four Acts—Four Male, Five Female Characters.

Scenery Easily Managed. Costumes Modern. Characters all Good. Telling Situations. Susan Tabitha (the old Maid) takes the Audience by Storm, as she tries to marry every man she meets; if he don't propose she does; final success of Susan. If you want a play that is full of fun, and sure to please you, order a copy of CAPTURED.

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ACT I.—Home of the Windchester's—Frank Westfield—Arrival of the "Old Maid"; "I'm tickled een-a-most to death to see you!" "Mother Goose's Melodies"—Susan's experience in the stage coach. "Only twenty-four, brother."—Christopher Columbus! where am I going?"—"I see you, Frankie."—Susan's opinion of Jane.—Polly—Amusing love scene between Susan and Frank Westfield—his astonishment and terror, as she faints in his arms.—Tableau.

ACT II.—Susan's explanation.—"Slang Debolishers Union"—"You'd better begin at home!"—A widower—"Good land! if I could not get something better than a widower, I wouldn't feel fit to soar to the land of milk and honey!"—Sam Sly, Polly's lover, who is a widower.—"If he does not propose, *I* will!"—Susan and Sam Sly.—Love scene between Polly and Sly, which Susan discovers. Her anger, and fall.—Susan and Sly loose their wigs.

ACT III.—Joshua Pratt.—Susan's fear of men.—"Help! help!" Discovers Joshua—Ridiculous love scene between Susan and Joshua. "There's nothing half so sweet in life, as love's young dream."-Rats. "Help! thieves!"—"It might run up my leg!"—The rescue—Susan announces her engagement and determination to go home and get married.—The departure.

ACT IV.—Home of Susan Tabitha—Sallie—Discovery of Joshua's poverty--Susan's anger and disappointment--"Can we get up?"-Susan cuffs Joshua's ears—Dinner—"Can we eat dinner?"—Susan relates her experience to Sallie—Telegram—Arrival and cool reception of Charles Westfield and wife—Joshua sleeps—Susan knocks over his chair, pulls his hair—A bank check—Susan's promise.—Happy ending.

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SYNOPYSIS.

ACT I.—*Scene 1st.*—Betty's opinion of the one bad boy—Mr. Peck decides to take a new wife—Interview between Mr. Peck and Henry, bad boy No. 1.—"Either be good or go to the woodshed in company with your father and a shingle." Mrs. Arabella Smith, the future Mrs. Peck, and her son Johnny, bad boy No. 1. Henry plays tricks on Johnny—Amusing scene between the two bad boys. Bad boy No. 1 puts cards in his father's pocket—Astonishment of all parties when he discovers them—"My views exactly!"—Bad boys plays tricks on their parents—Mrs. Smith faints as fire crackers go off. *Scene 2d.*—Solomon Isaacs, a Jew—Miss Aubrey, the new governess, and the minister. *Scene 3d.*—The bad boys at the grocer's—Lots of fun—play jokes on customers, etc.—They put up a job on Mr. Peck, in which he comes out second best. *Scene 4th.*—Mr. Peck's return home from the grocery—Meets Miss Aubrey—His version of the story. *Scene 5th.*—The wedding—Bad boys stay at home—Put placards on Mr. Peck and Mrs. Smith's back, "To be given away!"—"To be sold!"—Mr. Peck returns in a rage, and is received by two Indians—A laughable scene—Mrs. Peck takes Johnny across her knee.

ACT II.—*Scene 1st.*—Ah Sin's laundry—Betty receives a proposal from Ah Sin—Henry and Johnny run the laundry in Ah Sin's absence—Solomon Isaac's washing—Return of Ah Sin—An amusing scene—Boys put the Chinaman in the tub. *Scene 2d.*—Bad boys get their father to consent to join a secret society, the "Ancient Order of Hoodlums," in which McCracken's big goat is to play a part. *Scene 3d.*—Miss Aubrey and Mrs. Smith—A picnic in contemplation—Miss Aubrey and Betty, old schoolmates—Schoolroom—Boys with Ah Sin take a lesson—"What is a bullock?"—Ah Sin, "A smallee bull."—Mr. Peck is initiated into the mysteries of the "Hoodlums."

ACT III.—*Scene 1st.*—Chinaman and Solomon Isaacs. *Scene 2d.*—The picnic—Tramps—Song—Speeches—Boys do their part to make it interesting.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1st.*—Mr. Peck returns from the rink somewhat intoxicated—Gives the boys his ideas of temperance—Boys get him to learn them to skate—A laughable scene, on which the Reverend Baxter appears—All try to run off. *Scene 2d.*—Solomon Isaacs and one bad boy. *Scene 3d.*—A new version of Uncle Tom's Cabin is played—Bad boys take prominent parts—Eva—Grand transformation scene—Tableau.

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ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Milllie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1st.—Daville accuses Isadore, now Mrs. Grover, of Harriet's murder—Millie, as Sister Agnes, the French governess—Return of Charlie—Fred's anger and Priscilla's interference. SCENE 2d.—Charlie disguised as old Nathan—Millie's letter found which explains her flight—Fred's remorse—Daville and Isadore recognize Millie—Their plot against her discovered by old Nathan.

ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

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65	An Unwelcome Return	3	1
31	A Pet o the Public	4	2
21	A Romant e Attachment	3	3
123	A Thrilling Item	3	1
20	A Ticket of Leave	3	2
175	Betsey Baker	2	2
8	Better Half	5	2
86	Black vs. White	4	2
22	Captain Smith	3	3
84	Cheek Will Win	3	0
225	Cupi s Capers	4	4
49	Der Two Surprises	1	1
72	Deuce is in Him	5	1
19	Did I Dream it	4	3
42	Domes ie Felicity	1	1
188	Dutch Prize Fighter	3	0
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger	3	0
148	Eh? W at Did You Say	3	1
218	Everybody Astonished	4	0
224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2	1
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	2	1
154	Fun in a Post Office	4	2
184	Family Discipline	0	1
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5	3
13	Give Me My Wife	3	3
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3	1
116	Hash	4	2
120	H. M. S. Plum	1	1
103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized	2	1
50	How She has Own Way	1	3
149	How He Popped the Quest'n	1	1
74	How to Tame Mi-in-Law	4	2
35	How Stout Your Getting	5	2
47	In the Wrong Box	3	0
95	In the Wrong Clothes	5	3
11	John Smith	5	3
99	Jumbo Jum	4	3
82	Killing Time	1	1
182	Kittie' Wedding Cake	1	3
127	Lick Skillet Wedding	2	2
228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3	0
106	Lodgings for Two	3	0
139	Matrimonial Bliss	1	1
231	Match for a Mother-in-Law	2	2
235	More Blunders than one	4	3
69	Mother's Fool	6	1
1	Mr. and Mrs. Pringle	7	4
153	Mr. Hudson's Tiger Hunt	1	1
23	My Heart's in Highlands	4	3
208	y Precious Betsey	4	4
212	My Turn Next	4	3
32	M Wife's Relations	4	4
186	My Day and Now-a-Days	0	1
44	Obedience	1	2
244	Old Clothes	3	0
33	On the Sly	3	2
246	Otello	4	1
57	Paddy Miles' Boy	5	2
217	Patent Washing Machine	4	1
195	Persecuted Dutchman	6	3
193	Poor Policody	2	3
238	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention	5	0

NO.		M	F.
159	Quiet Family	4	4
171	Rough Diamond	4	3
180	Ripples	2	0
48	Schoops	1	1
138	Sewing Circle of Period	0	5
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore	3	3
55	Somebody's Nobody	3	2
243	Sports on a Lark	3	0
232	Stage Struck Yankee	4	2
208	Strawberry Shortcake	2	0
137	Taking the Census	1	1
40	That Mysterious B'd'e	2	2
245	Ticket Taker	3	0
38	The Bewitched Closet	5	2
131	The Cigarette	4	2
101	The Coming Man	3	1
107	Turn Him Out	3	2
68	The Sham Professor	4	0
54	The Two T. J's	4	2
223	The Best Cure	1	1
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday	4	2
142	Tit for Tat	2	1
213	Vermont Wool Dealer	5	3
151	Wanted a Husband	2	1
5	When Women Weep	3	3
56	Wooing Under Difficulties	5	3
70	Which will he Marry	2	2
135	Widowe's Trials	4	5
147	Waking Him Up	1	2
155	Why they Joined the Rebecca's	0	4
111	Yankee Duelist	3	1
157	Yankee Peddler	7	3
	ETHIOPIAN FARCES.		
204	Academy of Stars	6	0
15	An Unhappy Pair	1	1
172	Black Shoemaker	4	2
98	Black Statue	4	2
222	Colored Senators	3	0
214	Chops	3	0
145	Cuff's Luck	2	1
190	Crimps Trap	5	0
249	Double Electi n	9	1
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend	2	0
230	Hamlet the Dainty	6	1
153	Haunted House	2	0
24	Handy Andy	2	0
235	Hypochondriac The	2	0
247	Incompatibility of Temper	1	2
77	Joe's Visit	2	1
88	Mischievous Nigger	4	2
253	Midnight Call	2	1
128	Musical Donkey	2	0
259	Nobody's Mike	5	2
90	No Cure No Pay	3	1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems	3	0
234	Old Dud's Cabin	2	1
150	Old Pompey	1	1
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241	Struck by Lightning	2	2
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down	2	0
64	That Boy Sam	3	1
252	That Awful Carpet Bag	3	3
122	The Select School	5	0
118	The Popcorn Man	3	1
6	The Studio	3	0
108	Those Awful Boys	5	0
4	Twain's Dodging	3	1
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